

# With the Players

Miss Amelia Bingham in "The Climbers" and "A Modern Magdalen," will furnish the attraction to patrons of the Salt Lake theatre, where on Thursday night, June 25, she begins an engagement of three nights and a Saturday matinee. Although Miss Bingham presented both these plays for five months in New York and then for limited seasons on tour, they are new in Salt Lake City. Naturally, interest is rife here concerning the vehicles which gain for her the rank of America's only actress-manager and a place among the leading play producers of today. Miss Bingham has arranged to present "The Climbers" on Thursday night and at the special priced Saturday matinee and "A Modern Magdalen" on Friday and Saturday nights.

## TRICKS OF A DIME MUSEUM.

### A Truthful Tale of How One Fakir Makes a Living.

Beneker they call him. He has been known as a Bovey fakir for the last thirty years. One day he may be found at the race track, touting, making a hand book in the field or appearing in the role of a better with real money. Another day he may be seen at a chowder picnic working the shell game or operating a sweat box. Sometimes he has a job as door-keeper in a gambling house. Now and then he appears at Coney Island as the manager of a fake museum or the brains of a get-rich-quick game in Coney's Bowery. As a rule, though, he devotes most of his time to the museum trick, and considers himself one of the leading showmen in the country. He is seldom without money, for when his exchequer is nearly empty he soon has a scheme to raise more funds.

Some years ago he was in need of money. He sought out a Baxter street clothes and suggested that they become partners and open a museum somewhere near Chatham square. The clothes, who was known as "Pilsy," was ready to enter into any scheme to make money, and quite willing to listen to Beneker's; the latter said it would cost about \$100 to start the museum.

"You have a lot of relatives," said he, "and probably some of them are out of a job. We'll give them all work. We can use all the members of your family. In the first place, it will take \$25 to get one of the vacant stores along the row. After we pay the rent we'll

be furnished by his groups of frivolous and rather fast society types.

"A Modern Magdalen," as suggested by its title, tells the story of a young girl, her struggles with the world, the sacrifice of her honor and her final redemption. The Jenkins family of middle class origin is living in poverty through the carelessness of the father, an impecunious drunkard. The family consists of Katinka, a beautiful girl by a former wife; the present Mrs. Jenkins, an unprincipled shrew, and her invalid daughter, Olivia. Upbraided over her inability to obtain work and convinced that her sister will perish unless she is given the ordinary comforts of life, Katinka determines to sacrifice herself and consequently leaves home secretly to accept the protection of a young clubman. Eventually she becomes famous on the music hall stage and a conspicuous leader in the gay life of New York. She supplies her father with money and the family, in consequence, is restored to better circumstances and Olivia to health. Katinka, yearning to see her sister once more, returns to her home, but is denounced as a notorious creature of the stage and is repelled by Olivia in scorn. The father, who has not informed the family that their good fortune is due to Katinka, stands in cowardly silence. Broken-hearted and disgusted with life, Katinka attempts suicide, but is saved by the sweetheart of her girlhood, who points out to her a way of redemption through service as a nurse in the army.

Miss Bingham has surrounded herself with a company of excellence, including Wilton Lackaye, W. L. Abington, James Carew, Ernest Lawford, James Kearney, George Spink, Carl St. Aubyn, Bijou Fernandez, Frances Ring, Maud Turner Gordon, Adelyn Wesley, Georgia Cross, Helen Lackaye and Lillian Wright.

go down to a friend of mine and buy some old pictures painted on canvas showing the attractions we have in the museum. Then we can build the platforms, the stage and the other fittings ourselves. Your folks can pose as the freaks."

"Dot's a fine scheme," said Pilsy. "My mudder-in-law can be der fat vomans. She would act dot in a minute when ve give her \$5 a week. My daughter can sell der tickets, undt by son Sammy be der midget."

"That's the scheme exactly," replied Beneker. "But we must have a feature for the barker to shout. Just now the papers are full of a story about a wild man having been at Rockaway. We must get some fellow with plenty of whiskers to do the wild man act in a cage and we'll get a picture of him painted to put outside on the sidewalk."

"Mine wife's fadder would be a good one for dot," said Pilsy. "He has such a long beard undt his whiskers grow up by his ears. When he wouldn't shave for a week he looks like a reg'lar wild man."

"Good," replied Beneker, "he's just the sort we want. Tell him he's engaged right away."

Pilsy and Beneker went up to Fourteenth street and bought several dirty looking pieces of canvas which had been used for years in an old New York museum. Among them was a painting of a strong man lifting heavy weights.

"I'll do that turn myself," said Beneker. "I can act as barker at the door and then go inside and do the heavy act. We can get several large weights and paint signs on 'em announcing '300 pounds' and '500,' and the crowds will stare when they see me lift 'em

## GRADUATES FROM ST. MARY'S ACADEMY.



The above is a photograph of the young women who were graduated from St. Mary's academy last Wednesday. They are, reading from left to right, top row: Edna Egan, Margaret McDonough, Juanita Miller; lower row, Martha Plunhof, Edna Clark, Maud Nissler, Ethel McDonald.

with one hand and pass 'em over my head."

"Then we don't get nobody to lecture," remarked Pilsy.

That being the case it was agreed to make Pilsy the strong man. His daughter was engaged to sell tickets in the box office. His elder son, who was very thin, was introduced at the museum as the human skeleton. A cage was built on a platform in the place and the portiers from Pilsy's bedroom were used as a curtain to cover the cage. The bars were rails from an iron fence purchased at a second-hand lumber yard.

Into this cage they put Pilsy's father-in-law, with his hands shackled to a heavy chain. His only clothing was a pair of trunks, and as he prepared for the part by keeping away from barber shops for two weeks his face was covered with hair. They taught him that at a signal, each time they had tured a crowd to the place, he was to roar and growl and rattle his chains. Then when Beneker raised the curtain to give the crowd a chance

to gaze upon the Wild Man from Rockaway he was to show his teeth and jump at the iron bars as if he was trying to get out.

When they opened the museum up for business Beneker stood on the sidewalk pointing to the pictures on the canvas and shouting for trade. Meantime Pilsy's daughter in the box office was grinding squaky music from a hand organ they had hired in Pearl street.

At the end of the first week when they figured up accounts they had made \$600, charging 10 cents admission, and turning a crowd out every five minutes. They kept it up for three weeks. Then they were compelled to find a new attraction, so they hired seven girls, whom they picked up in the street, to sit in short skirts on the platform and pose as candidates in a "beauty contest." One girl was labelled as coming from Philadelphia, another from Boston, a third from Chicago, a fourth from California, another from New Orleans, one from St. Louis and another from Buffalo.

For the next two weeks they had crowds all day. They kept this up until the police ordered the place closed. When they received word that they must shut down because they had no license they asked for a week's time to get their expenses out of it. They then advertised in out-of-town papers and sold the museum to a man from the west who paid them \$300 for the trappings and "good will of the place. The police put him out after a few days. In the meantime Beneker had gone to Coney Island, where he opened up another show, getting there in time to put in a profitable season.

In the following winter Beneker lost his money by bucking the tiger in an uptown gambling house. Since then he has been following the fairs through the country and doing all sorts of things. He has worked as a hotel detective in the cities of the west and he has found employment as a railroad conductor.

Today he is on the road with a novel show, having with him another old-time Bovey museum barker known as

"Blubber." Many years ago Blubber barked for Barnum's side show, and among circus men he is considered one of the best barkers in the business. He has also appeared in all of the freak roles that have ever been put on the programme of a Bovey museum. He has posed as the tattooed man, has played the ossified man, exhibited himself as the living skeleton and the human pin cushion. With the aid of a carpenter and costumer he was able to make a hit as Chang, the Chinese Giant, a year after the real Chang was in his grave. He has done the "head-grabbing act," known to the public as phrenology, and has sat for hours on a platform in a Bovey museum posing as the Albino Girl.

## THE FEATS OF FOGARTY.

### He Began as an Office Boy and Evolved Into a Storm Center.

(New York Evening World.)

His real name was Ignacio Boccardo-leone Palitzka. This name hurt people's throats and jarred their sense of the unities. For it sounded like a cross between a Rhine wine list and a Russo-Italian Zweibund.

So he is known as Fogarty.

Fogarty is nearly three feet high, but his voice has an upper register that makes Melba's sound like the hollow groan of a Roman mob. It has no lower register at all.

When he first floated into the office he assailed the stern city editor thus: "Say, boss, I'm not lookin' fer a situation. Just a plain job'll be good enough fer me fer th' present. Am I on?"

"What can you do?" asked the city editor, with due respect.

"Dat's fer you to find out after you've watched me actin' long enough to dope me up right. Dere's one t'ing I can put you onter right now, though. I'm not in any 'old backed' class. You won't find me trailin' back among de bungles an' buckboards. I'll be right up close behind de hearse troo' de whole procession. Now, what'll I do first?"

"You'll go home and grow for a year," was the city editor's dictum. And Fogarty went.

In just one year to the day Fogarty reappeared, proudly announcing the fact that from two-feet-the-and-a-half he had now stretched to the dizzy height of two-feet eleven.

Against improvement like this not even a city editor's heart was proof.

Fogarty was forthwith turned loose in the office on a real salary.

For nearly ten minutes he was a model of every office boy in sight. Then followed five minutes of fluctuating currents. After which Fogarty took a permanent place as a miniature storm-center.

That day there were five fights among the usually peaceful office boys; three telegraph operators and two type writers found their machines put out of order; an elevator was started in its guide's temporary absence; the faithful office cut was mysteriously and accidentally striped with purple ink and mucklage, and a fearful falsetto voice continuously split the decorous quiet of the busy rooms.

In every one of these outrages the slow-moving finger of Justice pointed unerringly to the abandoned Fogarty.

At 5 o'clock the city editor, having collected evidence from the weeping office boys, profane telegraphers and indignant reporters, summoned Fogarty.

"Here's an order for a week's pay," he said. "You needn't come back."

"How's dat?" thundered Fogarty.

"You'd sidestep, would yer, an' make it me to de home circle? Well, you lose, see? I'm here ter rise in dis perfeshun, an' maybe some day to hold down dat very chair you're city-edittin' in. If youse try ter put de glad kibosh on me I'll git a court order to restrain you. Maybe you t'ought I was from de dear old farm an' didn't know me rights! Well, here's where I stay, an' if I hear of any one tryin' to unheave me, why, he'll find out what I t'ink of him. I'm in a perfeshun now, and I mean to hang onto it. Does dat go, boss?"

"It" went. Fogarty didn't.

## The Fount of Language.

(London Daily Express.)

"The Human Body" was the subject set for an essay at the board school. A little girl sent in the following. It is absolutely genuine. It shows a most delightful confusion of ideas, yet without a clearness of thought:

"The human body is divided into three parts, the head, the chest and the tum-mick."

"The head contains the eyes, ears, nose, mouth and brains, if any."

"The chest contains the heart, lungs and part of the liver."

"The tum-mick is entirely devoted to the vowels, of which they are five, namely, a e i o u and sometimes y and z."

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